

Deb's Diary

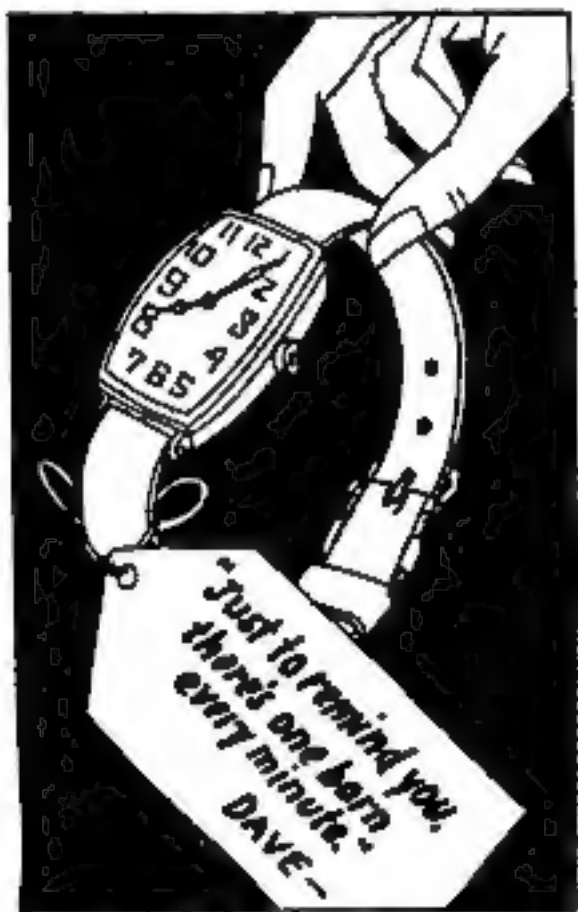


FRIDAY—"Dear Deb:—The other night at a dance a fellow I had never met before came up and asked me for the next three dances. I was rather perplexed at the time and made some excuse about them being taken although as a matter of fact they weren't. I didn't see him any more during the evening. Who in the world do you suppose he could have been? Daisy."

Sounds like about the way some absent minded wholesaler would ask for a dance.

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Dear Deb:—In spite of the fact that my girl treats me rather shabbily at times I love her very much and want to send her a present. I have selected a ritzy wrist watch (it's the genuine article) and would like some sort of appropriate card to enclose with the gift. I thought maybe, Deb, with your vast experience you could offer a suggestion. Doubtful Dave.

How's this, Dave: "Just to remind you, there's one born every minute."

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TUESDAY—Diary do you believe in fate? I met that handsome sheik again tonight and the few times I didn't dance with him he just pouted like a little boy that has to stay after school. Hot Dog but he weaves a mean anatomy. He seems to have more money than Gloria Swanson has wigs. I wonder

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THURSDAY—Talk about thrills! Know where I've been, Diary? Out in a canoe! Went with Larry. He's a regular bug about the water. I was about as romantic as a second honeymoon—believe me I wanted him to keep his mind on his paddling. Course I had on a bathing suit but you can drown just as easy in that as you can in a raccoon coat and galoshes. Believe me I know now how Columbus felt when he landed. I suppose that's where that song got its title, "I Never Canoe a Girl Like You."

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SATURDAY—Congratulate me. In a couple more months every mailman and clerk will be singing my praises. Why?—Because I bought a Christmas present to-night. Yes Sir, I got Daddy a box of cigars. And I'm going to put them in my cedar chest so by Christman they'll be good and dry. Won't he be tickled? Let's see, I don't know whether the cigars will make the cedar chest smell like tobacco, or the cedar chest will make the cigars smell like cedar. One thing is sure with the cigars in there a moth couldn't get through with a gas mask.

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FRIDAY—"Dear Deb: Not long ago the fellow I jam around with all the time got a mean spell and we had hot words. I threw his hat out into the street and when he left he said he never expected to see me again. Yesterday he phoned and wanted to come down but I gave him a piece of my mind and then banged up the receiver in his ear. I haven't heard from him since. Do you think I could have hurt his feeling? **HABE.**"

All I can say is if you didn't hurt his feelings, his hide is thick enough to take a winter coat for a hippopotamus!

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